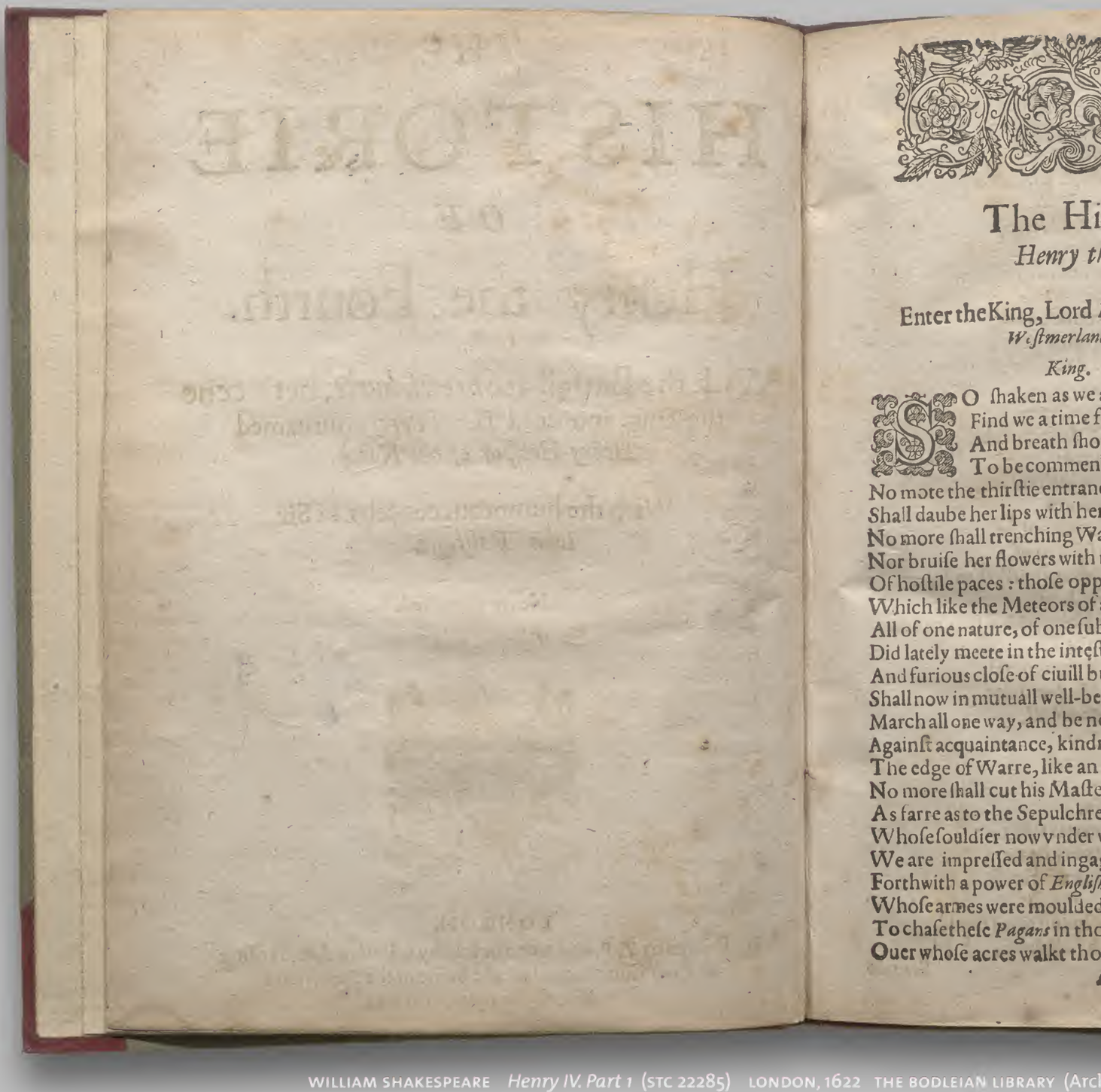

The Hi

Henry t

Enter the King, Lord
Westmerlan

King.

SO ſhaken as we
Find we a time f
And breath ſho
To be commen
No mote the thirſtie entran
Shall daube her lips with he
No more ſhall trenching W
Nor bruiſe her flowers with
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe opp
Which like the Meteors of
All of one nature, of one ſub
Did lately meete in the inteſ
And furious cloſe of ciuill b
Shall now in mutuall well-be
March all one way, and be n
Againſt acquaintance, kind
The edge of Warre, like an
No more ſhall cut his Maſte
As farre as to the Sepulchre
Whoſe ſouldier now vnder
We are impreſſed and inga
Forthwith a power of *Engliſ*
Whoſe armes were moulded
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in tho
Ouer whoſe acres walkt tho

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